

The Daily New Mexican

THE NEW MEXICAN PRINTING CO.

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The New Mexican is the oldest newspaper in New Mexico. It is sent to every Postoffice in the Territory and has a large and growing circulation among the intelligent and progressive people of the southwest.

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MONDAY, JANUARY 24.

It is not known how many free silver Republicans there are in New Mexico, but it looks as if they, no matter how many, were getting ready to flock by themselves during the coming campaign.

The building of the El Paso & North-eastern railway and of the White Oaks & Kansas City railroad will give eastern New Mexico a great and lasting boom. It is coming New Mexico's way all right.

Last week's snow storm extended over central and eastern New Mexico and will prove of great value to the stock interests and the ranges. It looks as if 1898 would be as good a year for New Mexico as was 1897.

The present week will bring about the confirmation of Messrs. W. J. Mills and John R. McFie for chief justice and associate justice of the Territorial Supreme court. So say reliable Washington advices. Speed the day. Cannot come any too soon.

The insurance companies have not let up on their fight to have congress disapprove the insurance law enacted by the Thirty-second legislative assembly of the territory. The law is good in its purpose and will prove, if allowed to stand, of benefit to the people of New Mexico. The law should stand.

The work that is being done for the honest people and honest taxpayers of New Mexico by the New Mexican is telling in the right direction. The removing of a few delinquent, inefficient, dishonest collectors, district attorneys and boards of county commissioners would bring about a new era in tax collections in New Mexico and place the territorial and county treasuries upon a safe basis.

The New Mexican so far is alone in its fight on the dishonest taxpayers and dishonest and inefficient county officials charged with the assessment and collection of taxes, but nevertheless it proposes to keep this good fight up, day in, day out, and do the honest people of New Mexico as much good as possible. It is an uphill fight and a hard fight, but we propose to make it all the same and if it takes all winter and all summer and all fall and all spring to accomplish any good.

There will be some sensational disclosures at an early day concerning the shooting in the office of ex-Deputy T. B. Catron during the session of the Twenty-eighth legislative assembly. It is rather an old story but will still be very readable and interesting. Two of the men who did the shooting and attempted to assassinate Republican members of the Twenty-eighth legislative assembly have gone to render the final account of their action, but nevertheless the story is of much interest and importance to the people of the territory.

Cupid Cannot Cope With Injunctions.
The blind-eyed goddess of justice has gone wrong in South Dakota, and injunctions are used to thwart the desires of loving hearts, to make the rocky road of true love rougher than ever, and otherwise play the mischief with Cupid's plans.

In the town of Kuhn, in that state, live Mr. and Mrs. Michael Pruisner, well-to-do Russians. They have a charming daughter named Lena, and had arranged a marriage between the young lady and one Nicholas Batagalea, a prosperous young farmer. But Miss Pruisner loved a youth named Alexander Hellen, who, but for his poverty would have been as desirable a suitor as Batagalea in the eyes of Lena's parents. From a faithless friend of Hellen, the Pruisners learned that the former intended to elope with their daughter on the eve of the wedding day. The aid of a neighboring justice of the peace was invoked, an injunction secured against the elopement, a copy of the writ served on Hellen, and an officer stationed on the Pruisner's premises to arrest him, should he presume to set the law at defiance. As was anticipated, he came, despite the injunction, and was duly taken into custody and locked up. Before he could secure a bond Lena was married to the man she did not love.

When the government by injunction takes love affairs into its hands, one of the two things must be done, either abolish injunctions forever, or elect more tender-hearted constables and sheriffs. A man who in the serving of an injunction to prevent the union of two hearts that beat as one, cannot be both blind and deaf for 24 hours, has no business in an office of any kind—he is a relic of the dark ages and should be eyed with distrust by the community in which he lives.

The Federal Grand Jury Investigations.

The Lordsburg Liberal looks upon the investigations now being held by the federal grand jury into the charges of alleged bribery and corruption in the Thirty-first and Thirty-second legislative assemblies in a very sensible and public spirited manner, commenting thereon as follows:

"The Santa Fe grand jury which has been investigating the alleged bribery of some of the members of the late legislature is still at work. It has interviewed many people who are supposed to know about some of the crooked work of some of the legislators, but whether it has accumulated enough evidence to warrant indictments is not publicly known. Whether successful or not in securing indictment and convictions it is probable that the investigation will have a good effect on future legislatures. If it does not stop bribery it will have the effect of scaring up both bribers and those who take money, and make them more quiet about their work. The way has been opened and if future legislators are as open in their work as some of the past ones have been it is probable that grand juries will investigate matters before they get as old as this one is, and before all interested persons have time to 'forget' all about what occurred. It is said that United States Attorney Childers instructions to probe the matter to the bottom."

One Cause of Corrupt Government.

While the success of Tammany in the Greater New York election last fall will undoubtedly result disastrously to that city, it points a moral that should be remembered by every voter in the country.

The one great cause of corruption and fraud in elections and the administration of laws in the United States, is the neglect of duty on the part of the better classes regarding politics. Calls are issued for conventions and primaries, and the very men who have the greatest interests at stake pay no heed. The conventions and primaries are always attended by the professional politicians and time servers, and many times by them alone; men are nominated who are totally unfit for the offices to be filled, and then those who should have detected and made the nominations declare that politics is rotten and the country going to the 'demonition bow-wow's.'

Another source from which springs deplorable conditions is impracticable tactics pursued by the opposition to corruption and dishonesty—it splits itself in numberless factions, while the boot-lackers make no such mistake, they join forces and reap the rewards of victory.

As an instance take the result of the New York election. Tammany hall, with its wonderful organization and greed for plunder, stood solid for its candidates. The Republicans, the simon-pure Democracy, and the reformers of the city, in place of combining against an organization which stands for all that is corrupt in American politics, divided into a half-dozen camps, and here is the result: The revenues of Greater New York in four years will aggregate \$300,000,000; of that amount fully one-tenth, or \$30,000,000 will be used for the purposes of enriching Croker and his henchmen; in other words it will cost the city \$7,500,000 per year more to maintain its government under Tammany rule than it would had honest men been elected to office. And yet the tax payers should not complain. It is the result of their own foolishness and indifference.

The independent man in politics is an "iridescent dream" as the "statesman out of a job" would say. The only way to succeed is in a union of forces. Of course there will always be side-issue parties in the United States, but their force and influence are negative. On the other hand there are enough honest men in both the Republican and Democratic parties to control nominations and elections and give the people honest, honorable, capable officials, if they will but discharge their duties. Nine times out of ten when a man is heard to complain of corrupt officials he may be put down as having never attended a convention or primary election, and often times consider himself too good to take an active part in politics. Perhaps the day will come when this fact will be recognized, but it will require just such a lesson as has been taught the voters of New York City, and it is dollars to doughnuts that when the next mayoralty election takes place in that city Tammany will be defeated horse and foot.

THE WHITE OAKS & KANSAS CITY.

Speculations As to Its Future Movements—Is the Rock Island Behind the Movement?—A Connecting Link in a Great System.

(From the El Paso Herald.)
It has been "predicted right along" that the White Oaks road was not going to be any Huckleberry outfit, "ending nowhere" up in the Sacramento hills, but that an eastern outlet would be found in due time, with the strong probability of connection either with the Rock Island at Liberal, Kas., or with the Santa Fe at Englewood, in the same state, which is hardly over 50 miles from the Panhandle line.

Of course the projectors of the White Oaks road had nothing to say. They were "pipe laying," as the politicians say, and until connections were made and the joints screwed on, mum was the word. But last evening, everything was in readiness and incorporation articles of the new company were filed at Santa Fe with the territorial secretary of the White Oaks & Kansas City railway. The incorporators are: J. A. Eddy, W. A. Hawkins, N. A. Connor, G. L. Christis and W. H. Austin. Directors: G. D. Simpson, of Scranton, Pa.; B. S. Harmon and G. C. W. Lowry, of New York; Jno. A. Eddy, of Denver; C. B. Eddy, W. A. Hawkins, Max. Frost, of New Mexico. Capital stock, \$1,000,000.
Max. Frost is the editor of the Santa Fe New Mexican and one of the best known promoters of immigration in the southwest. The articles state that the road will run from the White Oaks terminal, through Union county, N. M., 250 miles northeast to the Texas line, con-

necting with a road of the same name to be chartered under the laws of the state of Texas. And from thence the line will be continued in a northeasterly direction.

Now just whether this latter will end up at Liberal and eventually become a part of the Rock Island system, the White Oaks' management will not say, for obvious business reasons; and for the present, only such information is given out as may have a direct bearing upon what the articles of the incorporation contain. However, other railroad men who know how to put this and that together, believe more than ever, that this whole thing is a Rock Island scheme; and that the great corporation having fallen down in its attempt to reach the El Paso gateway, viz: via Liberal and the White Oaks & Kansas City and El Paso & Northeastern lines. This will give the Rock Island a straight shoot into El Paso without any mountain ranges to climb over, and shorten the distance to Chicago 250 miles, to say nothing about the time gained in not being obliged to slow up in climbing hills. A significant indication of which way the wind is blowing is the size and number of the engines ordered from the Baldwin locomotive works by the White Oaks management. These immense machines are as large, if not larger than the big Cookes bought by the Southern Pacific company for hauling heavy freight trains between Del Rio and Tucson. It was remarked not long ago by the Herald, that locomotives of this size were for no little one horse road, and events are justifying the remark. At this time of writing, 4,000 feet of track have been laid up on the mesa, and as the ties are now coming in rapidly, track laying is being pushed at a fast gait.

It has also been predicted locally by well posted railroad men that when the Rock Island has at length shown its hand, it will be found to have also secured control of the El Paso Southern, the Coronado road to Casas Grandes, and Colonel A. K. Owen's projected line from Casas Grandes to Topolobampo bay. Then with a southwestern Pacific ocean connection, the Rock Island will be strictly in the swim.

It Had the Marks.
"You don't like my book?" timidly ventured the young author who had invaded the lair of the literary editor for the second time.

"No, miss," he said in his gruffest voice. "It's trash! I have been compelled to hold it without gloves, miss."

"I see it looks like it," faltered the young author, glancing at the volume that lay on the table in front of the terrible editor.—Chicago Tribune.

A Mild Case.



He—I am madly in love with you.
She—Sir, I cannot marry a lunatic.—Pick Me Up.

His Fate Foreseen.
"I always thought he would come to something of the kind," said the aged pedagogue when he heard that one of his former pupils had been arrested for stabbing a companion in the back. "I always thought he would come to that. He was the worst boy to put pins in his teacher's chair that I ever knew."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not Up to the Standard.
Uncle George—Why do you use the word "auxiliary" when "helper" would do as well?
The Literary Nephew—Good gracious! And let everybody know just what I mean? I'm afraid, Uncle George, you are not quite up to the true literary standard.—Boston Transcript.

Differing Tastes.
"If there be anything in the world I hate," said the proud plutocrat, "it is being patronized."
"There's nothing I like better," said his acquaintance who keeps the corner grocery.—Detroit Free Press.

Modern Poker.
Brown—Jones—I raise you \$5.
Jones—Brown—I X rays you \$5.
Brown—Jones—What do you mean by that?
Jones—Brown—I see you, of course.—New York Journal.

A Tramp's Excuse.
"Would you give me a chance?"
"Madam, it is against my principles to have anything to do with games of chance."—Truth.

After coughs and colds the germs of consumption often gain a foothold. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites will not cure every case; but, if taken in time, it will cure many.

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See and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

GREASED POLE JAKE.

He Had the Making of a Great Actor in Him.

"Hiram," exclaimed Mrs. Courtosel as she looked over her husband's shoulder, "you ain't a-readin about theyaters, be you?"

"Yes."

"But what's the use of wastin your time? You don't have a chance to go to none of 'em."

"There ain't no tellin what I may have a chance to do some of these days," was the reply. "It ain't no secret that I used to think our boy Jake wan't much good."

"You have expressed yourself that way," she answered, with a sigh, "very frequent."

"Well, I wanten take it back. Jake is a-goin to make our fortunes one of these days. Do you remember the time he clum the greased pole at the fair?"

"Yes. You said it was the only thing he ever done that come anywhere near amountin to somethin."

"So it was. An it's goin to amount to a heap more'n we thought fur. The first thing you know you'll be wearin sealskin jackets an livin at a hotel. By readin the papers I see that all the greatest actors is either bridge jumpers or tight rope walkers or pugilists or somethin similar."

"You don't mean fur Jake to go on the stage?"

"Yes. I do. All Jake Courtosel, champion greased pole climber of the world, needs to make him a fortune is a play. An that won't be hard to git nuther. I've read a heap of the plots, an all we'll need is to have the villain run off with the girl an be brought to bay at the foot of a telegraph pole. Swift as thought he will grab a pan of lard from a little girl who has been to the grocery an, claspin the heroine around the waist, climb the pole, greasin it behind him so as to prevent pursuit. Then just as all the men folks have give up tryin an the women is standin around sayin 'Merciful heaven, what shall we do?' Jake comes along an climbs the pole, while the audience goes wild with enthusiasm."—Washington Star.

A Bachelor's Sayings.
The average parents are a great improvement on their children. No girl over 27 can possibly be as old and as innocent as she thinks she looks. Probably whenever Robinson Crusoe looked at his parrot he thought of his wife.

When an old maid says she has staid single from choice, all the men look so impressed.

The new woman is made up of as much of man as she can steal and as little of woman as she can stand.

Most women that have husbands go through life with the idea that a bachelor needs reforming just because he is a bachelor.—New York Press.

A Reasonable Inference.
"What's all them men in Europe fightin duels fur?" inquired Mrs. Courtosel.

"Why, they're fightin fur honor," replied her husband.

"Well, well!" she ejaculated, as she laid down her paper. "It seems a desperate way to go about it. But I s'pose honor is mighty scarce an hard to git nowadays."—Washington Star.

His Loquacious Wife.
Van Wither—How cheap things are getting to be! I see you can buy a talking machine now for \$10.

Von Miner—Yes, but I got one for nothing. It was a wedding present from my wife's parents.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Hard Worked.
Common Citizen—Are you fellows ever very hard worked?
Government Clerk—We are. Last election they worked me for nearly half my month's salary.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Convenient.
She—Why does your friend insist on wearing a soft hat with a ventilator, even in cold weather?
He—It is the easiest kind to talk through.—Detroit Free Press.

Helping His Rheumatism.
"Did the doctor do anything to help your rheumatism?"
"I guess so. Anyway it has gained on me steadily ever since."—Detroit Journal.

Rough on the Dog.
Rags—That fellow Smiley reminds me of a dog's tail.
Jags—How so?
Rags—He's such a wag.—Chicago News.

And That Settled Him.
"But you might learn to love me," pleaded the young man to the elderly heiress. "One is never too old to learn, you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

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Can be had by applying at this office. It is full of matter describing the mineral, agricultural, horticultural and all the varied resources of New Mexico. Just the thing to send any one inquiring about or interested in the territory. Price 10 cents, wrapped and mailed for 11 cents.

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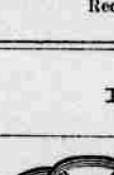
Moutessuma Lodge No. 1, A. F. & M. O. F. M. Regular communication first Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m. F. S. DAVIS, W. M. J. B. BRADY, Secretary.



Santa Fe Chapter No. 1, R. A. M. Regular convocation second Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m. JAMES H. BRADY, H. P. ARTHUR SELIGMAN, Secretary.



Santa Fe Commandery No. 1, K. T. Regular convocation fourth Monday in each month at Masonic Hall at 7:30 p. m. MAX. FROST, E. C.



ADDISON WALKER, Recorder.



I. O. O. F. hall. H. W. STEVENS, Recording Secretary.



PARADISE LODGE No. 2, I. O. O. F. Regular meeting first and third Tuesday of each month at Odd Fellows' hall. Visiting brothers and sisters welcome. STANLEY LEWIS, N. G. A. F. EASLEY, Secretary.



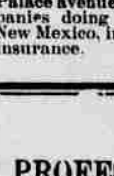
CENTENNIAL ENCAMPMENT No. 3, I. O. O. F. Regular communication second and fourth Tuesday of each month at Odd Fellows' hall; visiting patriots welcome. JAMES A. GORDON, C. P. A. F. EASLEY, Secretary.



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AZTLAN LODGE No. 3, I. O. O. F. meets every Friday evening in Odd Fellows' hall, San Francisco street. Visiting brothers welcome. NATE GOLDBERG, N. G. A. F. EASLEY, Secretary.



SANTA FE LODGE No. 2, K. of P. Regular meeting every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock at Castle hall. Visiting knights given a cordial welcome. R. H. BOWLER, C. C. LEE MURKIN, K. of R. & S.



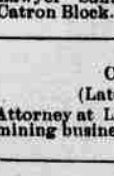
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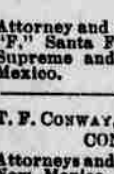
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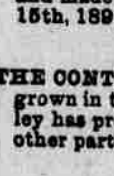
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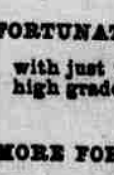
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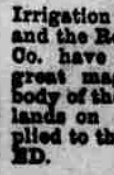
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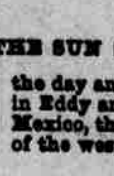
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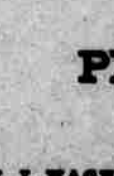
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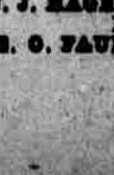
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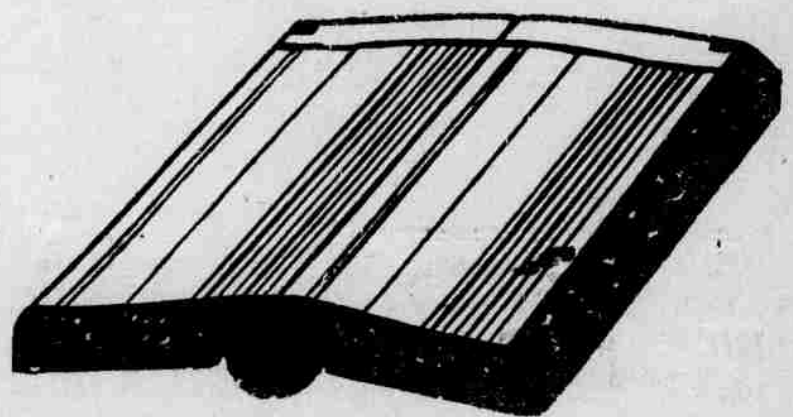
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GOOD SOIL makes the seed germinate. WATER makes the plant grow. SUNLIGHT puts the sugar in the BEET.

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NO FARMER turns out conditions of sale of beet and fruit lands were ever made.

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